



Quietude



Nisha Kumari ^a

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The Original Piece of Poetry

In the tumult of screams
Roaring winter's cool breeze,
Evokes bold memories and freeze.
And of with passionate love,
paint the city with the color of red,
Deep is the color so is the wound,
Pure and innocent are oft Confound.

Amidst the eyes lies true intention,
Rebukes feelings of thy pretension.
It's the soul that entrails the body,
And this mere body is just the medium,
Transcending into the other realm.
Whole new dimensions of vibes around,
Where trust, faith, and truth surrounds.

Pity the world scenario of bloodshed and war,
Dreams are oft sweet amidst the sour.
Carpe diem is what the heart desires,
Enlightens the thought that evil conspires.
Indeed skeptical but not impossible;
Late yet not too late to understand,
Humanity is bound to grow and expand.

To cast off the darkness and horrid nights,
Join the hands, unite and evoke the Light.
Let love leave the footprints not war,
So the future sustains for many years.
Let rain falls on barren land, Let flowers bloom,
Not the reign of terror on humanity results in the gloom.
Let us Make peace and heaven out of the earth,
Not hell out of the war.

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^a Currently pursuing B.A. (Hons.) English from Amity University, Lucknow


Author correspondence:

Nisha Kumari,

Currently pursuing B.A. (Hons.) English from Amity University, Lucknow

Email address: nyshaa.nissii@gmail.com

Biography of Author

	Currently pursuing B.A. (Hons.) English from Amity University, Lucknow. I like to read, write poetry and research on various topics.
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